



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

"Yellow with bird-foot trefoil are the grass glades;
 Yellow with cinquefoil of the dew-gray leaf;
 Yellow with stone crop; the moss mounds are yellow;
 Blue-necked the wheat sways, yellowing to the sheaf.
 Green-yellow bursts from the copse the laughing yaffle,
 Sharp as a sickle is the edge of shade and shine;
 Earth in her heart laughs looking at the heavens,
 Thinking of the harvest; I look and think of mine."

The poem as it stands even in the first version has a young magic in it, but it is not the supreme poem that a great artist made it later.

It is interesting to note in the very earliest poems a certain Wordsworthian commonplaceness of expression, such as:

"It is to make the various skies
 And all the various fruits they vaunt
 And all the dowers of earth we prize
 Subservient to our household want."

Yet struggling through even here is the Meredithian mastery of phrase:

"The vessel took the laughing tides."

"The centre of the striving earth
 Round which the human fate is curled."

The set of quatrains on the English poets is disappointing, and only one, we note, is retained in the poet's later work, and this much altered. The "Rape of Aurora" is a preparatory study of "The Hymn to Color." "The Wild Rose" and "The Snow-drop" show the poet's early love of flowers and habit of close, exact observation. Some of the songs, notably "Love within the Lover's Breast" and "The Death of Winter," are charming, and he must indeed have been an austere critic of himself who cut them out of his later work.

It is said that a poet dies young in every man's breast. And doubtless it is true. Poetry must play a little always with magic and glamour and romance, and age turns instinctively to fact. The "Last Poems"* of George Meredith contain beautiful and eloquent passages, as the first description in "Como" and certain lines in "The Wild Rose," and, above all, the beautiful "Youth in Age" with its arresting line,

"And a life in wrinkles again is stirred,"

* "Last Poems." By George Meredith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1909.

but the commemorative poems lack somehow the pulse and vitality of the rest of his work, and even the poem on "Ireland" falls short of this great poet's high average.

The same qualities of fine perception, keen satire, conscientious craftsmanship, that many years ago set William Watson in the front rank of English poets are still to be discerned in his latest collection of poems.* The volume must be particularly interesting to Americans, since it contains not only the poet's just arraignment of a frivolous woman using her powerful position for ignoble purposes, which kept the newspapers busy with sensational gossip for months, but the poems "Criticism," "Hate" and "Thoughts on Revisiting a Centre of Commerce" might easily seem to allude to the same period. The "Sonnet to Richard Watson Gilder," which gave the sweet and lesser poet so true a joy, is another link in the book with our inhospitable shores. The "Sonnets to Miranda" are chiselled and perfect if always a little cold, lacking the rich color and warmth of the Rossetian sonnet. The volume is a thin one and contains no one poem worthy to set beside the poet's earlier "Wordsworth's Grave." It has, however, such lovely lyrics as "The Stones of Stanton Drew," "In Dreams," "The Churchyard in the Wold," "The Stream and the Farm," some fine sonnets and keen satires. William Watson wears the mantle dropped from the shoulders of the poet of "Empedocles on Ætna." A lucid explanation of Mr. Watson's method and his aims is contained in the little poem "Criticism."

"There were three critics: Slip and Slop
And Slapdash were their names;
And all three said: 'Your mission, sir?
Your message? and your aims?'

"Kind gentlemen, to tell the truth,
Nor color fact with fable,
My chief concern is just to write
As well as I am able.

"Mere honest work my mission is,
My message and my aim.'
'A man of words,' said Slip and Slop,
And Slapdash said the same."

* "New Poems." By William Watson. New York: John Lane Company, 1910.